

# Kansas Chief.

**{ TERMS---\$2.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.**

**{ WHOLE NUMBER, 319.**

BY WHICH A MARRIED MAN OF MORE THAN THIRTY-FIVE  
YEARS OLD IS EXEMPT.

## AN EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS.

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"Every young man ought to enlist—  
try one!"

Letty Dallas flashed the blue light of her eyes, half smiling, half scornful, upon Mr. St. Mayne as she spoke. "A straight, lithe maiden, with black ripples of shining hair, and blue eyes, full of shadow, like late-blossomed violets, it was not in the nature of any male individual to endure her sprightly badinage unmoved. Yet Percy St. Mayne only smiled as he stood quietly watching her."

"Are you so very anxious to secure volunteers, Miss Letty?"

"Anxious? of course I am! Come, Mr. St. Mayne, follow your brother's example, and turn soldier!"

St. Mayne smiled with provoking coolness.

"Oh, if I could only inspire you with a spark of my enthusiasm!" said Letty.

"What sacrifice wouldn't I make for the Banner of Stars!"

"Would you really sacrifice much?"

"By any thing—every thing!"

St. Mayne lifted his long, dark lashes, and looked her full in the face with an expression she could hardly comprehend.

"Am I beginning to make some impression on that ice-like nature of yours?" she laughed.

"What bounty shall I offer?" A ribbon? a smile? or a bouquet?"

"Letty!" said St. Mayne, calmly and deliberately. "I do require bounty—a bounty beyond money and beyond price!"

"What a solemn preface!" said Letty, lightly. "Well?"

"I will be your soldier, Letty, and fight as man never fought before, until your own lips bid me lay down the sword, if you will reward me some day, with your own sweet self. That is the bounty I require!"

The deep crimson which had dyed her face turned suddenly to ashy whiteness—the lancelet against the carved marble onopos of the mantle, that he might not see her shiver trembled.

"Oh, no! I can not! I can not! Anything but that!" broke from her quivering lips.

"Pardon me!" said St. Mayne. "I see I have over-estimated the amount of the sacrifice you are willing to make for your country. You are willing that you should baptize with our blood the steps that lead to Freedom's altar, yet you will not give up one idle dream, one girlish fancy, in its behalf. Do I seem harsh?" he added, as her eyes were raised appealingly to his face. "Nay, I did not mean it. There, Miss Lettie, our negotiations shall be forgotten!"

Well, true love is not exactly selfish, but self-absorbed, and it was not until Walter rose to take leave, at the chimes of midnight, that they remembered that Harry had slipped away long since. The next day Letty received a little

**"PREGGIE AWAY."**

At this point the universal laugh came

kliffs reminded him of a celebrated dancing master, who was so expert in turning round on his toe, he twirled so fast that the seat of his breeches

John Morgan's nigger is in jail at Wrentham. He is said to be an object of great interest to the sympathizers.—*Providence Journal*.

**First Order**—Prepare for ter gift on yer croosters.

Why, asks Vanity Fair, was the rebel incursion into Pennsylvania like the embroidery of a lady's cloak? Because it was chiefly arrayed on the border.